

# THE ACADEMY

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Edited by LORD ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS

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## POOR OLD MORALITY!

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## LIFE AND LETTERS

## THE DRAGON.

By a series of skilful and strategic movements the Good Knight induced the malignant, fire-breathing, but dull-witted Dragon to come out of its cave and thereby to expose its vulnerable part. "The time has now come," quoth the Dragon, "when I must devour you, but I would have you to understand that I shall do this merely in self-protection. Your attacks are interfering with my repose and my dignity, and it is quite evident that they must be made to cease." Whereupon the Good Knight plunged his sword into the vulnerable spot. "Hold, Sir Knight!" gasped the Dragon, "I protest, it seems to me that you are not playing the game." "Pardon me," replied the Knight, "this is not a game, it is a fight," and with a second lunge of his sword he completed the good work, while the gentleman in the adjacent tree, who a few minutes before had loudly offered to lay six to four on the Dragon, hastily climbed down to the ground. "O valiant Knight," he gurgled, "let me be the first to congratulate you on your glorious achievement."

## ILLUSION.

"And who," said the inquiring stranger from the Colonies, "is the old gentleman at the third table on our left with the white hair and the red face, the one, I mean, who looks like a genial but somewhat dissipated cockatoo?" "Good gracious, man," replied his hostess, "what nonsense you talk; why, that is the handsomest man in the House of Commons!"

By the time THE ACADEMY of this week appears the General Election will be in full swing. When the week before last we announced in these columns our conviction that the Conservative and Unionist party would be

returned to power by a majority of at least a hundred over all other parties combined, our remarks were received with almost universal incredulous amusement, and we were told in many quarters, more or less politely, that our prophecy was another case of the wish being father to the thought. Well, a certain amount of water has rolled under the bridges since then, and we shall take this last opportunity of solemnly and emphatically repeating our conviction as to the probable course of events. Three weeks ago we were informed that the enterprising punter who felt inclined to back the Conservative would have been readily accommodated at three to one, or even seven to two, on the London Stock Exchange. Our sporting correspondent assures us this morning that no more than five to four is now offered against the return of the Unionist party. And to make one more prophecy we will predict that by Monday next the odds will be six to four on that party with "no takers."

We note that the *Daily News*, easily first amongst Radical journals in the matters of political falsehood and gutter insults, has been seeking to amuse its curiously intelligent readers with a prospectus of an imaginative "Jarley's Waxworks Show." Here it is:—

## LORD A. AS MOSES.

(The breaking of the tablets of the law.)

## LORD B. AS CROMWELL.

("Take away that bauble.")

## LORD C. AS JOHN HAMPDEN.

(Refusing to pay ship money.)

## LORD D. AS NELSON.

(Doing his duty.)

## LORD E. AS ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

("I am monarch of all I survey.")

## LORD F. AS MISS ROSA DARTLE.

("I only ask for information.")

## LORD G. AS AJAX DEFYING THE LIGHTNING.

(In the vernacular, "damning the consequences.")

Admission to the show will be one shilling (foreigners, two shillings; Colonials, 1s. 6d.)

We venture to suggest an alternative exhibition as follows:—

## MR. ALEXANDER URE AS GEORGE WASHINGTON.

("Father, I cannot tell a lie.")

## MR. CHIOZZA MONEY AS JOHN BULL.

("In truth a very Englishman.")

## MR. ASQUITH AS "POOR JO."

(In this tableau Mr. Lloyd George is seen in a policeman's uniform constraining Poor Jo to "move on.")

## MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AS JOHN CHURCHILL.

("He sold his party, he sold his country, he sold his King.")

## MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AS THE "ARTFUL DODGER."

(Mr. C. seems more at home in this democratic character.)

## MR. LLOYD GEORGE AS SIM TAPPERTIT IN WALES.

(The warlike apprentice.)



MR. LLOYD GEORGE AS URIAH HEEP IN  
LIMEHOUSE.

("Very 'umble.")

MR. JOHN BURNS AS "THE LAUNDRYMAN."  
(Carrying the family washing into the Privy  
Council.)

MR. BOTTOMLEY AS THE MAN OF BUSINESS.  
("Codlin's the friend, not Short." In the back-  
ground is seen a handsome view of the Hansard  
Union.)

THE RADICAL GOVERNMENT AS THE PAVE-  
MENT PIERROTS.

(They sing, "We all came into the world with  
nothing," "Put a little bit away for a rainy day,"  
"A little bit off the top," and other popular  
ballads.)

Admission to the show will be five shillings; foreigners  
free; no Colonials allowed.

We have received from a firm of advertising agents  
an advertisement of a book by Mr. William A. Cadbury,  
of cocoa repute. Needless to say, the work is concerned  
with "Labour in Portuguese West Africa," and we have  
declined to publish the advertisement. Mr. Cadbury will  
have to write many a solid tome before he will increase  
his farthing damages into the sums which British juries  
are in the habit of awarding to persons who have been  
seriously libelled. For our own part, if we were in  
Messrs. Cadbury's position we should not be disposed to  
publish works with a view to justifying ourselves, but  
we should rather set our chocolate house in order and  
be determined that, come what might, we would have  
nothing further to do with slave-grown staples. We  
understand that Messrs. Cadbury have in fact taken this  
line, and we congratulate them upon their policy. But  
we think that literature on the old subject is not required,  
particularly as there can be no doubt that, whether they  
like doing it or not, Messrs. Cadbury have in their time  
made money out of cocoa obtained under conditions which  
amount to slavery. We decline to have anything to do  
with such money, and that is why we have returned  
Messrs. Cadbury's advertisement.

We are glad to see that Lord Savile has once again  
administered a severe castigation to Mr. Lloyd George,  
whose gutter talk during the present election campaign  
has been the most disgusting exhibition of hysterical  
malevolence that has ever disgraced English political life.  
The following is Lord Savile's letter:—

Rufford Abbey, Ollerton, Notts,

January 12, 1910.

SIR,—I see in to-day's papers that you intended to  
send me Lord Rothschild's letter to you of the 10th  
inst., in order to teach me how a gentleman should  
apologise. You have omitted to do so. May I sug-  
gest that you would be wise to retain it yourself, in  
case you should ever chance to meet General Bruce  
Hamilton? It may have escaped your memory that  
you said of this brave and humane commander in  
the House of Commons, on February 18, 1901:—"All  
I can say is that man is a brute, and a disgrace  
to the uniform he wears." For this scandal is state-

ment you were very properly morally horsewhipped  
by no less a person than a member of the present  
Radical Cabinet.

As regards my own case, I regret that you should  
be dissatisfied with the terms in which I withdrew  
the charge against you of having joined with your  
friends, the Irish members, in cheering the news of  
British defeats. They appeared to me to be per-  
fectly adequate. Many persons, on the other hand,  
consider that it was ridiculous on your part to use  
such high-sounding words as "abominable accusa-  
tion" and "disgusting calumny" in connection with  
a rumour for which both your words and actions  
appeared to give so much justification.—Yours faith-  
fully,  
(Signed) SAVILE.

This letter is as trenchant in manner as it is accurate in  
matter. Mr. George's foul aspersions on General Bruce  
Hamilton are quite on a par with the slanders on Lord  
Roberts published in the journal owned by Mr. George's  
colleague, Mr. Bottomley, better known as the "Hackney  
Donkey Driver." The best reply to all insults and impu-  
tations of a like character is a dog-whip—a reply which  
we do not recommend people to employ.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the pathriot and discoverer of poets,  
continues to publish a paper which is called *T.P.'s Weekly*.  
We have more than once pointed out in these columns  
that, on the whole, this precious sheet makes for the  
degradation of letters. And we regret that we are com-  
pelled once more to call attention to T.P.'s money-grubbing  
vagaries. On page forty-seven of our pathriotic friend's  
current issue we find an article headed, "How to be  
Healthy though Old, by Raymond Blathwayt." Mr.  
Blathwayt is one of the gentlemen who, together with  
Mr. Manners Sutton, Mr. Manning Foster, and Mr.  
Bennett of "Yoke" fame, is endeavouring to re-unite  
Christendom, so that we must speak of him as a theologian.  
And to find a theologian writing in *T.P.'s Weekly* is, of  
course, reasonable enough. But the article to which we  
refer is really not an article at all—though it is set and  
displayed to look like one—and amounts in fact to a  
puff of a new indigestion cure. "For some inscrutable  
reason," says Mr. Blathwayt, "we human beings have  
been supplied or cursed with a capacious colon or large  
intestine." Let Mr. Blathwayt speak for himself. In  
any case this is the language not so much of a theologian  
as of the market-place physician. Mr. Blathwayt may  
have a good thing to sell and the indigestion cure which  
appears to have done him so much good may be the finest  
in the world, but theologians do not usually look upon  
the works of the Almighty with quite Mr. Blathwayt's  
eye.

Further on in the same issue of *T.P.* we find an  
article headed "Bjornstjerne Bjornson, by Eric Hudson,"  
which is a two-column affair, and turns out ultimately  
to be an advertisement of a certain patent brain food.  
This particular article is not even tailed off, as Mr.  
Blathwayt's article is tailed off, with the magic abbrevia-  
tion "Advt.," and altogether it seems to us scandalous  
that such methods should be allowed to prevail on a paper  
which is supposed to be concerned with literature. If  
*T.P.* continues in his wild career we may expect soon to  
find him publishing advertisements of sore-leg cures



under the head of "Shakespeare's Sonnets," or rat poisons under the title "The Divine Comedy of Dante." In effect this kind of advertisement is a simple trick played off upon the reading public. And the depth to which *T.P.'s* readers must have fallen is plainly indicated by the fact that they will stand it.

From the current number of the *English Review* we cull the following sublime passage:—

He glared at her, terrible in his speechless rage.  
Suddenly words came to him.

"Curse you for your devil's beauty! Curse your fiendish gipsy kisses! Curse the mother who bore you! Curse——!"

"Stop, Torres," shrieked the girl, suddenly grown white and savage as the man before her.

"You shall not curse my mother. I loved you because I thought you were a man—now I know you are only a coward."

Torres drew back, choking, staggering to the end of the bed. The fierce beauty and defiance of the girl reeled into his brain. He saw red, as a bull. A hot stream of blood blinded him. Blindly he struck her down.

"Torres! Torres!"

Five, six times he plunged the long knife into the warm flesh.

When sense returned to him, the blood of her lay crimson all across the bed. He listened. Seville was still asleep. He placed his hand upon her lacerated heart—it was still. He glanced furtively at the door, at the window, and again at the white body lying mangled in blood.

Suddenly his eyes suffused with tears.

"Ylitzal! Mother of God!" he cried in anguish.

Then with the dagger, red and reeking with her blood, he sought her in the love which is eternal.

If the Socialists find themselves unable to get the blood of landlords they are evidently determined to fix up a slaughter-house for themselves somehow. Who in the name of goodness reads the *English Review* unless they be confirmed boudin-eaters?

We notice that Mr. G. K. Chesterton purports shortly to astound the long-suffering public with a volume on Thackeray. We have no desire to prejudge the work of any man, but we cannot refrain from piously expressing a hope that Mr. Chesterton's latest venture will prove very different in temper and design from the impudent hodge-podge of "paradox" which he once saw fit to label "Charles Dickens." Our recollection of that remarkable work is that it was intimately concerned with the "sacredness" of Mr. G. K. Chesterton, the "sacredness" of laughter, the "sacredness" of "penny-dreadfuls," and a great many other "sacred absurdities," but that the one person who had no real or valid connection with its gaudy and pompous pages was Charles Dickens. Several persons at the time of the book's publication inquired, in very natural surprise:—"Why drag in Dickens?" and we should have echoed the query had not second thoughts suggested as a possible explanation of Mr. Chesterton's curious action that the fact of Charles Dickens's name appearing on his title-page was not entirely unimportant in obtaining for his "ideas" a wide and popular circulation. We trust Mr. Chesterton has seen fit to alter his methods in dealing with Thackeray.

## LONDON

See what a mass of gems the city wears  
Upon her broad live bosom! row on row  
Rubies and emeralds and amethysts glow.  
See! that huge circle like a necklace, stares  
With thousands of bold eyes to heaven, and dares  
The golden stars to dim the lamps below,  
And in the mirror of the mire I know  
The moon has left her image unawares.

That's the great town at night: I see her breasts,  
Pricked out with lamps they stand like huge black towers,  
I think they move! I hear her panting breath.  
And that's her head where the tiara rests.  
And in her brain, through lanes as dark as death,  
Men creep like thoughts . . . The lamps are like pale flowers.  
A. D.

## GEORGE FOR MERRY GERMANY!

### A FINAL WORD ON THE ELECTION.

THIS is the first day of the General Election, the gravest and most momentous General Election for a hundred years. The worst Government of modern times is on its trial, and if there is such a thing as truth or justice left in England it will be salutarily condemned to death. *THE ACADEMY* has never sought to disguise its individual belief in a Unionist triumph at the polls, and to-day we most earnestly exhort our readers, no matter to what party they have hitherto owned allegiance, to go forth and vote and work for the return of those candidates who are standing in the interests of protection for British labour and industries, and for British supremacy upon the seas. The man who is doing nothing to-day beyond expressing a hope for a Unionist triumph is acting the part of a traitor to the cause he professes to have at heart. "Faith without works is dead." We may well remember that to-day, and, remembering it, rise up to strike a blow for the faith that is in us, for the freedom that is ours. In a crisis of so sinister a character as the present one, nothing is to be left to chance, no labour is to be shirked or shunted on to shoulders already overburdened. Once again, and for the last time so far as *THE ACADEMY* is concerned, what are the alternatives from which the British people have to make their choice? Briefly, the issue is between Socialism and Tariff Reform, but in reality the country is now asked to decide between the Church for the Children and Agnosticism, between a policy of plunder and a policy of peaceful progress, between the Union and Home Rule allied to treason for Ireland. Moreover, and above all these considerations, let no British man, woman, or child forget that a victory for the Liberals would be a German victory, a victory for German trade and the German Navy. Let no one mistake the facts, let no one be lulled into a sense of false security by the braggart assurances of Mr. George and Mr. Churchill, or by the hollowing boomings of Mr. Asquith, the least noticed and most entirely unimportant person in the whole campaign. If the screaming little Welsh virago who has been attempting Revolution by Budget is not sent forth post haste to weep amongst the congenial solitudes of his native hills, there is every likelihood that his grip on the throat of the nation will only be relaxed at the personal intervention of Mr. George's ever peaceful friend, the German Kaiser. With Mr. George in power, it is certain that we should be totally unprepared for such an intervention, and it is morally certain that we should be beaten in the fight for our national existence. In short, whilst Mr. George's much-advertised Welsh hills would be left standing, the English ships would have been sunk. This pleasant prospect, whilst constituting an inevitable result of the present Radical-Socialist policy, is happily not for the immediate future. Before that dark

day dawns there are several tons of money to be spent in furthering the cause of international peace, until such time as the Germans shall have fully prepared and equipped their fleets. We must deal with Mr. George and his colleagues before we give our attention to the peaceful Germans, and we should be energised by the thought that with the downfall of the former's power there will be very little occasion to fear the latter. We must fight Mr. George's Socialism with the alternative of Tariff Reform; and, incidentally, whilst doing so we shall be teaching our German friends so salutary a lesson that one doubts whether the mailed fist will ever pluck its sword from the scabbard. We shall teach such a lesson because the introduction of a Tariff Reform Budget will:—

1. Make the foreigner pay for the use of our markets.
2. Encourage home industries.
3. Provide British articles for British homes.
4. Give security to industry.
5. Give more employment and steadier wages.
6. Strengthen the bonds of Empire, and consolidate the race.

As against this, Mr. George attempted, by his revolutionary Budget, which the House of Lords referred to the consideration of the people, to:—

1. Raise the annual national expenditure by £13,326,000 above that of the Unionists in 1905-6, and reduce the repayment of debt by £3,500,000.
2. Weaken all our financial resources against the day of stress.
3. Introduce, according to the Socialists themselves, Socialistic principles into our national finance.
4. Make the working man's comforts dearer.
5. Destroy security and capital, on which the wages of the working man depend, and increase unemployment.
6. Destroy sources of revenue by over-taxation.

The popular idea industriously instilled into the ignorant by orators of the class of Mr. Ure and Mr. Churchill, that the acceptance of Mr. George's cynical proposals would ensure a surplus of revenue to be liberally distributed amongst the indigent, has been exposed by a Radical publication, which has incautiously demonstrated to the people that every penny of the proposed taxes is earmarked for some definite object. Here are the figures:—

THE MONEY.		REQUIRED FOR.	
Revenue from		The Navy .....	£3,000,000
New Taxes	£12,500,000	Land Valuation	250,000
Lessened yield of		Road Fund ....	600,000
Existing Taxes	1,400,000	Development Fund	200,000
		Old Age Pensions	7,000,000
		Labour Exchanges	100,000
Total	£11,100,000	Total	£11,150,000

Thus it will be even seen that, although a Radical victory would benefit Messrs. George, Ure, and Co. to the extent of their Ministerial salaries, there would not be one penny of solid gratitude to appease the rapacious expectations of Mr. William Sikes. In the face of it, then, from what class of the electors are the Radicals hoping for support? From the Nationalists, who desire Home Rule and Separation? Yes. From the Socialists, who are always inquiring "How much money have we got in our pockets"? Yes. From the Agnostics, who desire to see the elimination of religion from our schools? Yes. From the employees at Krupp's and from the German sailors who are so fond of drinking to "the day" they will doubtless receive much sentimental sympathy, but these gentry, as yet, do not enjoy the privilege of voting in England, and their support can be of no practical value. For the rest, we believe the bulk of the sober-minded, honest-thinking, just-dealing citizens of the United Kingdom will be arrayed against Mr. George and his colleagues in a united stand for religious liberty, constitutional government, and protection of British industries. In regard to

the latter, it would be idle to pretend that there has not been a considerable amount of wild talk on both sides, and for a just and honest representation of the case for Tariff Reform as affecting unemployment we commend our readers to the following extract from Mr. Balfour's remarkable speech at Ipswich:—

... Not being, I hope, a political quack or a political charlatan, I do not offer to our customers any medicine on the ground that it will cure every disease known to man. . . .

I have endeavoured to support the cause which I advocate in moderate statements, in guarded statements, in a manner which will not raise false hopes while it does present what I honestly and firmly believe to be almost incalculable advantages to the community.

I have been very careful to say, over and over again, and if it gives any pleasure to anyone here I will repeat it, that I do not say, and have never said, and do not think, that Tariff Reform or any other single expedient will cure all forms of unemployment.

No single remedy will deal with that most complicated disease.

For what has unemployment sprung from? Does it spring from one cause alone? Assuredly not. There are people incapable, through no fault of their own, through misfortune, through unhappy accidents, through unhappy surroundings from youth upwards, which have rendered them, to their own detriment, to the detriment of the community, little capable of help. These Tariff Reform will not help. There are those who suffer unemployment through sickness or old age. Tariff Reform cannot help them. All these classes may be helped by other appropriate means.

For instance, I was a member of the Government who were fortunate enough to deal with accidents in a manner which I believe has given general satisfaction and has prevented incalculable suffering.

There is another class of cases which cannot be completely dealt with by Tariff Reform. I suppose, however well ordered society may be, there may be changes of the current of trade, with alternations of good times and bad, and there may be a margin of people who, through no fault of their own, suffer undeserved misfortune, and are, temporarily at all events, out of employment. That cannot be completely cured, I can say, by any system of Tariff Reform, although I hope the case will be mitigated.

That is fair and decent speaking, at once devoid of specious promises and mendacious misrepresentations.

THE ACADEMY's deep and constant interest in the religious life of the nation will not allow us to close this final word on the election without an earnest appeal to all members of Christian Churches throughout the country to protect the faith and freedom of the children. Our own religious views are well known, and need not be defined here again, but in the shock of the present crisis we appeal to all the Churches to defend their faith. Writing to the Churchmen who joined in the demonstration against Mr. Birrell's Education Bill, the Bishop of Manchester wrote:—

It is our duty, who have built and supported our Church schools and training colleges, not to listen to any suggestion that our schools are perfectly safe in the hands of the Radicals, or that the school question is unimportant compared with other issues before the electors. The forces of unbelief are not less active, but more active than heretofore. The Press teems with infidel literature, Sunday schools are being opened by Socialists, avowedly to draw children away from religious teaching on Sundays. Filthy literature and trashy literature are circulated in enormous quantities. Children need more protection than ever against pernicious influences. They need the support which religious teachers and religious education can give them. If the national life is poisoned at the fountain, as these evil influences which I have men-



tioned threaten to poison it, no material prosperity can compensate for the harm so done.

These words are true, and bear reviving. If the schools are to be saved for the Church, Mr. George and his friends must be defeated. Likewise, if British trade is to be restored and confidence re-established, they must be defeated. Likewise, if Britain is still to stand proudly secure from the attacks of her self-confessed enemies, they must be defeated and degraded. Let our battle-cry be "England for the English!" and let theirs be "George for Merry Germany!" Ours shall roll up stronger and louder and more triumphant when the conflict is at its deepest and at the end when the smoke of battle clears.

## THE MYTHS OF HERALDRY

THE unwary reader of books on heraldry will be interested by the curious stories to be found therein, explaining the origin of various arms, crests, and badges; the more experienced in such matters will have little hesitation in assigning such stories to the large class of ætiological myths, invented to account for armorial bearings, the true origin of which has been forgotten. When the family fable has fallen beneath the knife of the modern scientific genealogist, the very different, but perhaps equally interesting, genesis of arms or badge may often be recovered.

Let us take the device of a ship which figures on the shield of Henry de Neville, who died early in the thirteenth century, and which is sometimes described as the ancient arms of the family. The story is that Gilbert de Neville, founder of the famous house, came to England with the Conqueror as Admiral of his fleet, in memory whereof his descendants assumed a ship as their cognisance, if not as their arms. This sounds convincing enough, until modern research finds that there is no reason to suppose that Gilbert de Neville ever existed, the earliest authentic members of the family being a Gilbert de Neville and a Ralf de Neville, who occur as knightly tenants of the Abbot of Peterborough twenty years after the Conquest, and who were, apparently, of no great importance. So the story of the Admiral is fiction; what is the origin of the ship? There can be little doubt that Planché was correct in explaining it as an allusion to the family name, which for the purpose of the early armorist—an incurable punster—was read as "Nef-ville"—"Ship-town"—although the real meaning of the name is, of course, "New-town" (Neuville).

Neville naturally suggests Percy, that other mighty house which long shared with Nevill the supremacy of the North, and a more elaborate legend accounts for the blue lion blazoned on the shield of the Earls of Northumberland. Alice of Louvain, widow of Henry I. and wife of William d'Aubigny, first Earl of Sussex (styled sometimes Earl of Chichester, but more usually Earl of Arundel), had a younger brother, Josceline, for whom she was anxious to provide. It occurred to her that Agnes de Percy, the wealthy heiress of the Lords of Topcliffe and Spofforth, would make an excellent match, so she summoned her brother to England, and proposed the alliance. But the haughty heiress would only consent to the marriage on condition that her husband should assume either the name or the arms of Percy. So Josceline changed his name, but retained the blue lion which he inherited from his father, Godfrey, who is variously described as "Duke of Brabant and Lovaine," "Duke of Lower Brabant and Count of Brabant," and "Duke of Lower Lorraine and Count of Brabant."

So far the legend; now for the facts. Josceline was almost certainly the son of Godfrey, Count of Louvain and Duke of Lower Lorraine, but his legitimacy has been questioned, and there is no record of when or why he came to England. It is doubtful whether Agnes were an heiress when he married her, and he never assumed the name of Percy, continuing to style himself "de Luvene, de Luvain, or de Lovein." There is no evidence that either Josceline

or his wife ever bore arms, and their respective fathers can hardly have done so. When the arms of Josceline's paternal house are found at a later date, they are not a blue lion; and this famous animal does not occur in the Percy shield until the reign of Edward I. Whence, then, came the "bleu lyon" which Henry de Percy bore on his banner at Caerlaverock? It seems probable that we have here an instance of "arms of alliance." Henry de Percy married a daughter of John FitzAlan, Earl of Arundel—a descendant through the female line of William d'Aubigny and Alice of Louvain—who bore a golden lion on a red field. Most probably Henry de Percy commemorated this alliance by assuming his wife's arms, with a change of the colours for difference.

To the golden lion of Arundel a most romantic legend is attached. William d'Aubigny distinguished himself so highly in a tournament given by the widowed Queen of France, that she fell in love with him, and offered to marry him. But William, who was evidently possessed of considerable attractions, had already plighted his troth to the Queen Dowager of England; wherefore he declined the royal proposal. Thereupon the Queen's love was changed to hate, and thirsting for revenge, she decoyed him into a cave, wherein was confined a fierce lion. Nothing daunted, the gallant d'Aubigny rolled his mantle round his arm, thrust his hand into the lion's mouth, and tore out its tongue by the roots! Then he left the cave, sent the tongue to the Queen—doubtless with a polite message—and left for England. In memory of this brilliant exploit the golden lion was given him for arms!

It would be cruel to criticise so picturesque a story, and it is almost a relief to have to confess that we have no plain matter-of-fact reason to produce for the origin of the lion of Arundel, beyond that of mere caprice: which, indeed, is all that we can say for the majority of shields.

Another famous legend relates how the quartered shield of red and gold borne by the Veres received the silver "molet," or five-pointed star, which shone in its first quarter, a charge which, in modern heraldry, is disguised under the fishy spelling of "mullet," doubtless on the phonetic principles dear to Sir Isaac Pitman. Aubrey de Vere, second Lord of Hedingham, went on the First Crusade, and took part in the defeat of "Corborant, Admiral of the Soudan of Perce," near Antioch. Night fell during the pursuit of the infidels, but in the darkness a silver star fell from heaven on the standard of Aubrey de Vere, and there shone brilliantly. In memory whereof Aubrey added the star to his paternal arms.

This story, like that of the Arundel lion, seems unduly marvellous to a sceptical age, and to savour of anachronism. It is generally agreed now that heraldry did not even begin to exist until about the middle of the twelfth century. Nor did Aubrey take part in the First Crusade, even if he were of an age to do so; indeed, he does not appear on the public stage until 1125, when he was joint sheriff of London and Middlesex, with Roger, "nepos Huberti." After that he had a busy career, as a royal chamberlain and sheriff, until he was slain in a London riot on May 9, 1141. Doubtless, as Dr. Round has suggested, he was acting in concert with his son-in-law, Geoffrey de Mandeville, first Earl of Essex, and second hereditary Constable of the Tower, against a popular movement of the citizens, of whom Geoffrey was the bitter enemy. The Vere arms were probably assumed by Aubrey's son and namesake, the first Earl of Oxford, at the same time that the Mandevilles and other allied families adopted their similar quarterly shields. Mandeville, the most powerful house of the group, bore a plain shield, quarterly gold and red; Vere reversed the colours, and bore red and gold. It is just possible that the silver star was added as a further "difference," but the more probable explanation is that the star was first added by Oxford's younger son, Robert de Vere, as a mark of "cadency," and was retained by him after he had succeeded his brother as third Earl in 1214. As the shield on Robert's tomb at Hatfield Broadoak seems to be the earliest representation of the arms, the point can hardly be settled definitely.



## REVIEWS

## LORD TWEEDMOUTH, K.T.

*Edward Marjoribanks, Lord Tweedmouth, K.T.* By the  
COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN. (Constable and Co. 5s. net.)

THESE "notes and recollections" are the tribute of a devoted and gifted sister to the memory of a cultured gentleman, a good sportsman, and a stubborn Liberal. They do not profess to be a biography, for which no material was left by Lord Tweedmouth, but they are offered in the hope that, "with the illustrations accompanying them, they may prove acceptable to those who hold his memory dear," and in very graceful shape are they offered. The paper and print are as good as the English is pure, the margins are wide and the illustrations are good, while the whole is bound in warm red ribbed cloth, stamped in gold with Lord Tweedmouth's armorial bearings. The volume is divided into many parts. The Biographical Notes occupy the first thirty-two pages, and sketch his origin, his education, and political life, from the time he was born, on July 8, 1849, until he died at the Chief Secretary's Lodge at the Phoenix Park, Dublin, on September 15, 1909. The history of his public career is further amplified by a chapter "At the Admiralty," the most fateful part of a long life of strenuous and devoted service, though so many of us think it was devoted to ideals which, when realised, tend to the undoing of his country. Edward Marjoribanks was first sent to Parliament by Berwickshire in 1880. The name of Marjoribanks was one to conjure by in the county, for "it was Charles Marjoribanks, a cousin of the first Lord Tweedmouth, who in 1832 brought the county from the Tory to the Liberal side." But before considering his political life, it is well to remember that much the happiest incident and influence in his life, private or political, was his marriage in 1873 to Lady Fanny Spencer-Churchill, daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, "a woman of exceptional and many-sided ability combined with peculiar personal charm and influence. She and her husband were so identified together in the world of politics, society, and sport that one can never be thought of without the other." (Page 5.) In this first successful election Lord Tweedmouth put to practical use in a political contest his great powers of endurance developed from boyhood in Aberdeenshire deer forests; and we are told that on the election day he rode round every polling-station in the county, covering a distance of some eighty or ninety miles. And Lady Tweedmouth in this election was the first lady to accompany a candidate to his meetings, at all of which she was with him. Lord Tweedmouth moved the reply to the Address in 1882, and he then identified himself with the Government's policy of the past, and pledged an unwavering determination to support its development in the future. "If one-half of the denunciations launched at her Majesty's Ministers were well deserved, I indeed must be a rash and misguided young man." So did Edward Marjoribanks precede his declaration of faith. And consider the period. Mr. Gladstone's Government of 1880 to 1885 has left a legacy to the British Empire which a quarter of a century has not liquidated. Its first year saw the Transvaal surrender after Majuba (that, it is true, has been liquidated in streams of blood during two and a half years of war); an Irish policy out of which terrorism had its birth and the modern idea of Home Rule was evolved; Gordon and the Sudan abandoned; surrenders to foreign aggression on many Colonial frontiers, and all our Colonial rivalries with Germany, till they broke on a rock in Northern Afghanistan; and war with Russia over the Penjdeh incident was averted by Mr. Gladstone's retirement and by the accession of Lord Salisbury. Whenever was there a "rasher or more misguided young man"? Lord Tweedmouth is identified with some useful measures—a good Fisheries Bill in his first year in Parliament; he took a leading part in creating the Secretaryship for Scotland, and the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, which he supported in 1884, was conducted by him to final victory in the

Lords in 1907. But it was as Liberal Whip that Edward Marjoribanks deserved most from his party. He was appointed in 1882, and laboured unceasingly and with great success in that arduous post until he was called to the House of Lords on the death of his father in 1894. He was especially qualified for a Whip's functions. He was akin to a great many eminent houses, and he was a devoted follower of Mr. Gladstone's to the extent that he seemed to have been able to subject his will to his leader's in a very unusual degree. It is probably owing to this quality that he became such a whole-hearted protagonist of Home Rule.

The chapter "At the Admiralty," by one who served under him, identifies Lord Tweedmouth irrevocably with those false economies which have endangered the position of the Empire to-day, and with the futile trimming which preceded the last Hague Conference, and which delayed for many months one Dreadnought being laid down in a building programme already one below the Navy's acknowledged wants. His retirement from the Admiralty on Sir Campbell-Bannerman's death was explained in an unprecedented speech to the Naval Cadets at Dartmouth. Never before did a First Lord tell his training boys that he had not been evicted for inefficiency; but the speech is given at the end of the Biographical Notes in all its weary length. A section of the book is "Recollections," thirty pages of tributes from his old friends, political and private, to his individual worth, of which the shortest and nicest is from Mr. Haldane, but the most valuable is the last, from Lord Lovat, who speaks for his patriotism at the time of the Boer war. As a great stalker and rifle shot Lord Tweedmouth realised the peculiar fitness of Highlanders as mounted riflemen, and he lent himself heart and soul to the enrolment of that body of Highland Yeomanry from whose ranks were formed Lovat's Scouts. Not only did he smooth away opposition, but he subscribed £500 to the Yeomanry Clothing Fund, and made a free gift of thirty-five hill ponies, and gave permission and full wages to any man who left his employ to serve in the war; and Lord Lovat writes, "I can say without hesitation that, but for Lord Tweedmouth's help in overcoming local prejudice and departmental misgiving, no yeomanry or scouts would have left the Highlands in the early part of the war."

Turning from politics to Lord Tweedmouth's private life is as a breath of Highland air. Among many records of his generosity and hospitality, his sportsmanlike qualities and his rare unselfishness as a sportsman, let his head stalker, Duncan McLennan, be his chronicler. In twenty-five delightful pages Duncan McLennan has given us an appreciation of his chief which is equally to the honour of master and man. When a young gillie, Duncan strove always to be sent stalking with Edward Marjoribanks, the Harrow boy, and speaks enthusiastically of his endurance, his speed, and his unerring marksmanship, in simple, strong Scotch-English which is very pleasant reading. Duncan is no less eloquent when writing of Lady Tweedmouth, also a first-rate shot, and swifter than the stalker on the flat. On page 100 he tells of a stag shot, and how Lady Tweedmouth had to hurry home to meet guests. "She started, but I was unable to keep up with her. . . . When I was behind I was running on the border of the road, so that her ladyship should not hear me running." When Edward Marjoribanks married Lady Fanny Churchill, he was hailed by the head stalker at the tenants' wedding banquet as "the mountain climber and deer-stalker." The cypress overshadows a long section of the book, in the shape of a chapter devoted to "The Last Tributes," and then there are two short appreciations of "the two women who exercised the most potent influence over Lord Tweedmouth's life," his wife and his mother. But we will let Duncan McLennan say the last word for his Lord and his Lady: "Lord and Lady Tweedmouth had special talents. They were first in their own society, they were equally first among the common people." Whatever may be our political creeds, we cannot read Lady Aberdeen's charming tribute quite unmoved.

## HEROES OF BRITAIN

*Britannia's Calendar of Heroes.* By KATE STANWAY.  
(George Allen and Co. Price 5s. net.)

THIS is a real red-letter calendar. It is a reminder that every day of the year is the birthday of some noble act, and that many days are the anniversary of deeds of valour. It is introduced to us by the headmaster of Eton, who contrasts it with almanacs which "are used more frequently to fix business engagements than to enrich our ideas of human life," and who recommends it cordially and sincerely "especially to those who are inclined to believe that the decadence of the country has begun." We heartily associate ourselves with Mr. Lyttelton. The book begins with descriptions of the fifteen decorations and medals which bravery can win from Britain, and it contains at intervals engravings of these awards. The first, of course, is the Victoria Cross, and the calendar is interleaved with many pages of autographs of the fortunate and gallant winners (for Fortune here, too, plays a part). The last is the beautiful medal of the Carnegie Hero Fund Trust, which was only instituted for the British Isles in September, 1908, but on so liberal a scale that the Trust is based on a capital of £250,000, though it is difficult to believe that it disposes of an income of over £22,000 a year, as we read on page 24. It is significant of the times that (including the Carnegie medal) five of these medals have been instituted since the accession of the King.

The Edward Medal (the Miners' and Quarrymen's V.C.) marks his Majesty's appreciation of that courage in the dark which, perhaps, is the very highest form of bravery; but we regret a little that it is given precedence to the Albert Medal, which for so many years has been the Victoria Cross of Peace by sea and land. The New Zealand Cross, a decoration unknown probably to most readers, and instituted during the hardly contested Maori wars of the 'sixties, finds a place in the list of medals. Very few instances are recorded of its having been won, but on March 28, 1860, Leading-Seaman W. Odgers, R.N., won it, and he also gained the Victoria Cross. He died in 1873, and we read with mixed feelings that "the two Crosses together sold for £110." The same day chronicles four V.C.s won nineteen years afterwards on Inkhobane Mountain, in Zululand, the roll being headed by the late General Sir Redvers Buller. Again, in 1892, the London Fire Brigade Medal was well won on the same day. Here we have an instance of a day's illumination by one hard fight and two separate acts of gallantry forty-two years apart. A few days earlier (March 13), five V.C.s were won, all in different years; a watch and a premium were presented by the Carnegie Trust to a boy aged 10 years, who saved his younger brother and sister from a burning bed; and the martyrdom is recorded of a gallant girl of 19 who died saving her mother from the flames. Alas! such is too often the only reward of many of the most noble deeds which the calendar immortalises.

Humour is not wanting either in our calendar, and the only palm which Roland Mitchell, the ten-year-old Preston boy, received for pulling a *four-year-old* child out of 10ft. of water on August 16 last year was a thrashing from his mother for getting his clothes wet. He had before this saved five lives. Six to his credit at the age of ten! His mother evidently thinks it an expensive taste, but surely some little medal might be found for this gallant lad! On January 23 last year "splendid heroism was displayed by Jack Binns, aged 22, wireless telegraphy operator on the *Republic*, when rammed by the *Florida*, who stuck to his key and called for help in all directions . . . until the engine-room was flooded, the storage batteries exhausted." Two thousand people were saved by his devotion to duty. Peterborough is proud to claim Binns as one of her noblest sons. But he has received no medal. New York tried to reward him, for a music-hall offered him an engagement

at £200 a week! But Binns sent answer: "I can't act. I'm a wireless operator, and I don't want to be made a tin god." Thus many days are illustrated in prose and verse by such pens as those of Ruskin, Tennyson, Edwin Arnold, Bishop Walsham How, and Canon Rawnsley. Notable among such is Longfellow's apotheosis of Miss Florence Nightingale in his poem, "Santa Philomena," given on November 4, the day she reached Scutari, in 1854.

These brief illustrations show the sort of book that "Britannia's Calendar of Heroes" is. It would not be amiss if a copy were found in every morning-room, or on as many dressing-tables as might be, so that the day should begin with some thought of the brave deeds which have been written in red letters. And in humbler homes it would be equally in place, for after a day's work the message from the past that it brings should tend to ennoble and inspire striving lives. But we fear that idealism has hardly matured enough yet to see "Britannia's Calendar of Heroes" so generally accepted. The judgment and research which Miss Kate Stanway has devoted to her calendar command admiration and sympathy. She is a devoted hero-worshipper. Is that cult very general? We sometimes think that patriotism is not a very living instinct in these islands. To use this book as we suggest would itself foster love of country and pride in our race; but the acceptance of such a daily task presupposes a special frame of mind. To look to this calendar for each day's prompting to noble deeds implies a developed sense of their appreciation, which is the seed of patriotism. Thus, while we wish "Britannia's Calendar of Heroes" very many readers, we rather fear that it will not be read by quite as many as we should wish to read it.

## LIGHT V. DARKNESS

*Religion: Its Place and Power.* By the REV. H. MONTAGUE DALE, M.A., B.D. (H. R. Allenson, Ltd. 3s. 6d. net.)

A WORK that professes to give to religion a definite origin and force must necessarily be constructed on a religious ultimate. What is the real object which religion has permanently in view? Mr. Dale informs us that it consists of the expression and incorporation of the consciousness of relationship to God in the life of man. Thus, we are to gather from this that where no natural or incorporate expression of this consciousness of Divine relationship exists, there can be no true formula of religion. This, as every sensible person must admit, is a very sound definition, as it entirely eliminates all those other religious formulas which are pure ideals, and which, in the nature of ideals, originate controversial forms of religion through particular ultimates, that is to say, through forms of expression which may be related to a sense of goodness, but which are by no means incorporated in that sense of ultimate perfection. In other words, true religion must consist of, not a consciousness of self or ideal purity, but a consciousness of not-self or natural purity. This leads Mr. Dale on to the discovery that religion possesses a pure or universal basis of conscious relationship to God, as apart from an impure or personal basis. The proof of this may be seen from anthropological evidences, the final summary of which can have no sounder expression than that which is found in the words of Tiele: "The statement that there are nations or tribes which possess no religion rests either on inaccurate observation or on a confusion of ideas. No tribe or nation has yet been met with, destitute of belief in any higher being; and travellers who asserted their existence have been afterwards refuted by facts. It is legitimate, therefore, to call religion in its most general sense an universal phenomenon of humanity." This pure basis of religion is, fundamentally, a natural, because incorporate, ground of conscious relationship to God; that is to say, that apart from the natural subjection of consciousness to it, there is no Divine objection to be found, no uni-



versal history or limit to it. Any historical or objective source of religion, for instance, is to be found in man's self-conscious forms of it, forms which are not incorporate or natural expressions, but supernatural or non-incorporate forms of conscious relationship to God. If, therefore, there is no original evolutionary form of religion, apart from those forms which Mr. Dale supplies us with, namely, ideal forms (for both Mr. Dale's self-conscious and universal or social forms of religion are ideal forms), how can there be any original or incorporate source of religious evolution? You cannot derive a natural history of religion from a supernatural history of it.

The real basis of religious evolution, for instance, must be a Divine basis of conscious relationship to God, and not a human or ideal basis. The real basis must not be confused with the historic basis of religious evolution. The creating power of life must not be mistaken for the created power of life. Our consciousness of relationship to God must not be looked upon as being humanly or self-formed. If, under the same forms as Confucianism, Brahminism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and Fetishism, you are going to include the religion of Christianity, you are going to deny to the latter that which constitutes its religious Reality, by substituting in its place a human object—a mere ideal. Thus, Mr. Dale is the victim of a fundamental error, an error which at once destroys any value which may be said to exist in his work, through his unfortunate attempt to explain a religious evolution which is incorporate of, or in natural unison with, man's consciousness of Divine relationship, upon a basis of religious evolution which is not incorporate of that relationship, but which is fundamentally a negation or denial of that relationship. The evolution of religion, in a positive form, must not be confused with religious forms which have merely an historical or negative existence, such, for instance, as Confucianism, Brahminism, Buddhism, Fetishism, etc. Religious development, if it is to be real, must be incorporate of a universal consciousness—a consciousness which has no selfish form of Divine relationship. Mr. Dale utterly fails in discovering to us such a form of religious evolution, even in a Christian sense, and, in this wise, is sadly blind to the great truth which the Christian Church is expected to promulgate.

What is the supreme fact of Christianity, which raises it, as far as man's consciousness of relationship to God is concerned, high above all other religious formulas or ideals? There is, in truth, not merely one, but two supreme facts. In the first place, Christianity is not an historical form of religion in the same way as Confucianism, Brahminism, Buddhism, and Fetishism are historical forms. Christianity is a Divine form of God's relationship to man, and not, like the others are, a self-conscious form of relationship. In the second place, Christianity has no ultimate, and therefore, selfish, basis of development, and cannot, in a sense of Scriptural limit, be formulated. The Christ basis of our conscious relationship to God is an eternal basis. A true Christian is only conscious of an eternal sense of Divine relationship—of a Christ universe. He would spurn the thought of any selfish form of relationship, which can but deny the Christian sense of fellowship by limiting it; that is to say, by repudiating the eternal or self-sacrificing form of God's own relationship to man. The supreme, and therefore the vital, basis of Christianity is the Divine Christ—the Christ Who, though He was self-conscious of possessing life and death powers over man, whom He had created in His own image, sacrificed His God-powers of self in order that by an act of infinite love man might be saved from the errors of a self-consciousness which was not a God form but an evil form of self. Unconditional self-sacrifice, therefore, is the basis of the real evolution of religion. Apart from the life of Christ, there has been no real evolution of religion, and efforts which attempt to confuse man's religious characterisation with God's religious character must always end in impious disaster. The book is evidently the fruits of that freedom

which man, not alone in religious matters, arrogates to himself, but which he does not really possess. Thus, he may be free to think or idealise as he will, but he is by no manner of means free to live as he thinks or idealises. Free thought and free living are fundamentally two very different things.

Free thought, as it constitutes our ideal forms, such, for instance, as it goes towards building up art, literature, music, drama, science, invention, and philosophy, is by no means antagonistic to the glory and worship of God. But free thought, as it constitutes a contradiction to the real or natural ordering of life, is not only sinful, but blasphemous, and, as far as freedom is concerned, it is not a principle of progression, but of retrogression or degeneracy. There is no such thing as a free or self-naturalising form of life, however much our ideas of freedom or personality may wish to promulgate such an idiosyncrasy. The vital part of all nature, human or otherwise, is not free, neither has it to do with any ideal or personal forms of freedom. The vital part of Nature is an ordered cosmos, or, as religion would have us believe, Nature is moved by God's will, and not by any historic, ideal, individual, or free principle of action, such as we, the creatures of an independent or self-conscious unity, imagine. If, then, religion is to have a Divine basis, that is to say, if our ideas of God, and, therefore, the world-forms of our conscious relationship to God and worship of God, are to have any real or permanent value, they must not be allied to any kind of self-consciousness whatsoever, which can contain nothing but free forms of relationship or worship; but they must be ideas possessed of the religion of self-sacrifice. In other words, religion must be a form of self-immolation to have any real value or to be acceptable in the sight of God.

There is no small or ideal entrance through the gates of Heaven. Heaven, like God, is an infinite reality, and the soul that attains to Divine glory must have no vain ideals, no particular cravings, about self-interests. The religious value of the Christ ideal is therefore not to be confused with the religious value of those other ideal forms of religion mentioned in Mr. Dale's book. For to confuse the Christ ideal with the other ideals is to deny to Christianity the Divine form of self-sacrifice, that is, the living formula, and therefore the real formula, of the Divine idea contained in it. This, in the true nature of religion, is a very serious mistake for a minister of Christ to be guilty of. To forsake the Divine ideal of Christianity, by substituting our own petty, because human, ideals in its place, is to make a terrible, because blasphemous, travesty of it. The Divine ideal was to eliminate or destroy the human ideals of religion, because the latter were based on selfishness. Absolute surrender of self is what is, or should be, undertaken at the High Altar of the Lord. All other formulas of religion can but be false formulas, since, with all their profession, they retain the selfish, and therefore the evil, element. Comparisons, indeed, can be blasphemous as well as odious, and the former happens when the Light of the World is dragged down to a level of its darkness (man), or when, as the case is with this book, the Christ ideal is considered in the same form as other religious ideals. The Christ ideal is the real basis of religion, since it is the God basis of it, whilst Brahminism, Buddhism, and all other forms are negative.

## THE HUMAN INTEREST

*The Autobiography.* By ANNA ROBESON BURR. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)

"THE Autobiography" is a comparative study of the people who have made the world their confessor. It is a work of considerable research, for Miss Burr has studied two hundred and sixty capital autobiographies alone, besides works on psychology. But she does not appeal to students



alone; she falls back upon the general reader, and declares her aim to be to introduce us to "a number of interesting men and women of high and low degree." In fact, as the world to-day has, like John Addington Symonds, a partiality for the memoir, "which amounts to a passion," that partiality is to be gratified. On the principle that we are "to choose a friend" among these writers of autobiographies, the authoress has omitted "the frankly scandalous class," as (she protests) she would avoid their authors in real life. "And do we really wish to be on intimate terms with M. de Lauzun, or M. de Casanova? Most of us, it may be said without hesitation, would choose our friends elsewhere." If the mere "choosing of friends" is the object of the book, what are we to say to George Psalmanazar, who is quite as disagreeable a scoundrel as some writers of the "frankly scandalous" character?

The case of George Psalmanazar is a curious one. He was an eighteenth century impostor, who pretended to have come from Formosa, and to know the language of the island—which, of course, he invented. He numbered among his dupes the most brilliant intellects of his age. What is interesting in his memoirs is his own analysis of the motive for his imposture. It sprang, he says frankly, "from my vanity and senseless affectation of singularity, as that was my predominant passion." It is significant that there is a deep-rooted desire to stand for what we are, an impulse towards the truth exists "in natures conscious of no ethical reason for it"; that the impulse toward self-expression, even in the case of a scoundrel like Psalmanazar, only finds its proper satisfaction in the truth.

Whether we agree with Leslie Stephen or not that a dull autobiography has never been written, it is certain that these selections, and salient points chosen from autobiographies, are highly interesting. A very full account is given of Cardan, whose influence upon later memoir-writers has been so far-reaching. This influence is due to the novelty of his attitude, his almost inhuman fairness to himself. He set to work to examine himself "as if he were a new species of animal which he never expected to see again." Much that he tells us is of more interest to us to-day than to his contemporaries; as, for instance, his account of his visualizing power and his hallucinations. He saw, he tells us, the cause of a disease, or the total of a cube root, in the fore-part of his brain, as if it came in a dazzling light. This is confirmed by later testimonies of various Calculating Boys. As a child he saw "an arch of transparent figures, colourless, built up of smoke-like rings, rise out of the carpet from one corner of the room, to descend in another, and vanish. Houses, castles, animals, knights on horseback, plants, trees, trumpeters blowing, groves, forests, and flowers—these swept before the half-dreaming eyes of Fazio, Cardan's overstrained and underfed child, and thus early habituated him to marvels." It is a curious fact the author of a very readable and accurate biography of Cardan (1854) asserts that he saw in his own childhood "visions similar both in texture and in the manner of their apparition." Besides giving us such details of his abnormalities, Cardan paints the most complete picture of himself, his personal appearance, his taste and habits. He tells us of his passion for gambling, and that he preferred fish to meat. "I delight in pen-knives (he writes), and to provide myself have spent more than twenty good crowns; also I have spent much money on various sorts of pens, and in preparations for writing, I daresay, no less than two hundred crowns. I love gems, vessels, and table-service in bronze and silver, painted glass globes, and race-books." He was also extravagantly fond of animals, and places them on a list of the pleasures of life: "History, liberty, small birds, cats and dogs, and consolation after death."

Miss Burr concludes, from her study of so many autobiographies, that works written "with the autobiographical intention," are sincere and trustworthy (within recognised limits). Rousseau is, after all, the best authority upon Rousseau, though his dates are frequently mistaken.

"Cases apparently contradicting this statement will be found, on closer inspection, to be cases of misinterpreted observation, of which the conversion ecstasy of Robert Blair, the halo of Cellini, the tutelary genius of Cardan are prominent examples." In a lighter vein the chapter upon "Humour" is very amusing, with its quotations from the egregious William Hayley, and from the artless confessions of "Perdita" Robinson, whose life was "more or less marked by the progressive evils of a too acute sensibility." Here, too, are quoted some naïve statements of that great unconscious humorist, Herbert Spencer (whom Miss Burr describes, oddly enough, as an instance of the scientific mind)—his finding a place to board "where two little girls became the vicarious objects of my philoprogenitive instinct," and the delightful paragraph in which he warns the American against the evils of iced water.

As a matter of detail, why does Miss Burr translate "*mulier cui fel defuisse existimo*" (p. 98), "a woman who seemed to be without skin."

## FICTION

*A German Pompadour.* By MARIE HAY. (Constable. 6s.).

"A GERMAN POMPADOUR" is much romance and a little history, derived, as the authoress tells us, from "a dusty, time-soiled packet of legal papers which had lain untouched for nigh upon two hundred years." It is a narrative of the splendours and miseries of Wilhelmine von Grävenitz, who, by the way, has little in common with the Pompadour but her position and extravagance. An unknown adventuress from Mecklenburg, she comes to the Stuttgart, the court of Duke Eberhard Ludwig of Württemberg, where the Duke has just returned from the battle of Blenheim, after fighting at the side of Marlborough and Prince Eugène. The long *liaison* of the Duke and Von Grävenitz is given in the novel; Von Grävenitz' mock marriage, her magnificent mock court, and the gradual hardening of her heart. Among the people, she is not only hated as the duke's extravagant mistress, but feared as a witch, for she is said to have the "serpent's eye," or to possess a certain hypnotic power over man and beast. Slowly but surely she gathers into her hands the reins of government. No year passes without some beautiful property becoming hers—broad acres of field and forest, entire villages, castles and châteaux, such as her Château Joyeuse of La Favorite. She came to be known as the Land-despoiler; her court vied with the glories of Versailles. But, after the splendours, the miseries. Eberhard Ludwig wearies of her in the end; and, at the advice of Friedrich Wilhelm I. of Prussia, he casts her off. The Grävenitz is brought to trial. The list of her crimes is complete: firstly, treason; secondly, purloining of lands and moneys; thirdly, witchcraft and black magic; fourthly, bigamous intent; fifthly, attempted murder. It is characteristic of the age that the fifth indictment should not have been the first. In the course of her trial, Eberhard Ludwig dies; and under the régime of his successor, Karl Alexander, the Grävenitz is pardoned and permitted to end her days—in apathy, if not in peace—in her castle of Schaffhausen, in Switzerland.

There is a good deal that is strange and romantic in the history of the German Pompadour, but the style of the narrative is somewhat affected. The insignificant and jealous Duchess Johanna Elisabetha is referred to as "she of the moth-coloured spite." The grand manner of the eighteenth century is difficult to recapture—indeed, it may be doubted whether anyone but Thackeray succeeded in doing so, but the authoress's idea of the conversation at the court of Württemberg is singularly laboured and unconvincing.

*The Uncounted Cost.* By MARY GAUNT. (Werner Laurie. 6s.)

"THE UNCOUNTED COST" is a strenuous story of West Africa. Commander Cunningham, a rising naval officer, has a "serious flirtation" with Mrs. Pearce, whose husband is in West Africa. Acting on a foolish impulse, she keeps back a telegram addressed to Cunningham, with the result that he misses his ship. He is court-martialled for absence without leave, and as he can offer no explanation without ruining the reputation of Mrs. Pearce, he has to leave the Navy. As he still has some interest, he obtains a District Commissionership at Dalaga, and begins his work in West Africa, "a disappointed man, sick at heart, beginning life again at thirty-three, with small hope and less interest in making a success of things." After a few backslidings, the loneliness of the place, the possibility of danger, and the responsibility act as a tonic; and he struggles with the problems of West Africa. Unfortunately, at the outset he makes an enemy of Kudjo Mensa, a negro who was once—a graduate of Balliol; a man "black as the ace of spades, and draped with white cloth," but with the accent of Oxford. "You English educated me," he fiercely exclaims, "and you must take the consequences. A beastly, ghastly, pitiful job you've made of it." When on leave from his duties, Cunningham meets Mrs. Pearce, with her cousin, Anne Lovat, and promptly transfers his affections to the latter. Anne is a successful novelist, with a *penchant* for writing stories of adventure about the Gobi desert and Thibet, of which she knows little or nothing. She is also under the impression that "you cannot sell a story that ends badly" to the publishers! Together Anne and Mrs. Pearce go to West Africa, where their escort, Captain Bullen, is ill-advised enough to thrash that black graduate of Balliol we have mentioned, who has the horrible habit of pegging his enemies across a line of driver ants. Anne, who is "always yearning for new experiences," gets them in earnest, for Kudjo Mensa means business. The little fort at Dalaga is surrounded and cut off from the outside world, and suffers all the horrors of a siege. Finally, Captain Bullen, with a native policeman, leaves by night to get help; but though the policeman is successful, Bullen is captured by Kudjo Mensa. Bullen bravely faces the horror of the fate Kudjo Mensa holds before him rather than betray Fort Dalaga, and reinforcements arrive there to find the British Flag still flying. The story of the siege is told with vigorous realism, and the whole novel is readable.

## THE BATTLE AND THE TRUMPET

"If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who will prepare himself for battle?"

EVERYONE has heard of the patriot who, being urged to work, on the ground that work was noble, replied that he was "agen all aristocracies," and could not conscientiously make an exception in favour of one. In his own family, and among his immediate friends, this worthy was probably regarded as a sort of *lusus naturæ*; but posterity, we venture to think, will cherish his memory less for his eccentric genius than for his value as a type. For it was his privilege to apply to a mere personal prejudice a line of reasoning which has solved more problems and saved more time than all the other lines put together. We all know to our cost that it is not the *rules of Life* which make it such a difficult game to win, or even to play tolerably. And we have all envied the dogmatist his happy knack of steering by the rules alone, and taking no account of the exceptions—his unalterable conviction that there are

no friends in the enemy's camp, no thistles among figs, and no two ways of looking at any one question. We envy him under all circumstances, and all conditions of life; but perhaps we envy him a little more than usual in a crisis like the present, when the Gordian knot of a political situation has again thrust itself on our notice, and every town-hall and local schoolroom rings with the voices of politicians on tour.

Nothing in the world is so naturally dogmatic as exoteric politics, and nothing affords the mere beginner and maiden knight of dogmatism such a chance to show his mettle and win his spurs! Within the House there may be, indeed, occasional splitting of hairs, and wearisome weighing of pros and cons; but the struggle in open field—which is all that many of us ever see of the tactics of the House—is far too short and too desperate for any such half-measures as recognising the good points of an enemy or the two sides of a shield. Black must be as black, and white as white as possible, and it is insulting the intelligence of your constituents to maintain there is any such colour as grey. Superfluities of dignity are stripped off, and the candidate for votes prepares to fling himself and his programme, naked, on the mercy of his judges. Not for a moment will he admit that there are any shades of difference between his soul and the souls he aspires to "represent"; any occult workings of his mind, or dark corners to his policy into which he cannot invite them! When representation is your business, the nearer you can get to the "bed-rock" the better. And the one universal bed-rock language is that of a pure unstilted dogmatism, otherwise known as "hitting from the shoulder," or "talking straight."

The typical electioneering meeting is a thing of mingled pathos and humour. It reminds one faintly of a court of justice turned upside down. A dais, more or less elevated, and decorated with the banners and mottoes of his cause, accommodates the person who has come to prove his case, and such sympathetic or influential friends as have been prevailed upon to tread the winepress with him. His judges sit on the lower benches—tier after tier of brooding or enthusiastic faces. From the first, he will have suspected that a small stronghold at the extreme back is retained by his enemies; or, as the uncharitable suggest, by persons in his enemies' pay; and as time goes on, his suspicion hardens into certainty, except that those tuneful cat-calls, expressive, as nothing else is, of lofty elemental disdain, those paralysing "posers," ranging in subject-matter from the propriety of the Coronation oath to the iniquity of growing hops, seem to be coming from every part of the room, and not from the stronghold merely.

It is a curious fact—and one that, like the Bermondsey Election and the battle of Bunker's Hill, has probably served as an encouragement to both parties—that a Radical meeting is usually more pacific than a Conservative one. There is less "heckling." The candidate and his supporters feel their hands strengthened by a keener sense of sympathy and partisanship among their judges. Of course, this may mean that the average Conservative does not trouble to attend Radical meetings, or, on the other hand, that he attends, and is listening in baffled silence to arguments for which he knows himself no match. In either case, the advantage is probably more apparent than real. Indifference to the tactics of your enemy is not necessarily a sign of confidence in your own cause; and silence, even of the baffled order, may signify something very far from consent!

The superior person will sometimes say, with a shrug of the shoulders:—"Political meetings are for the ignorant! I know my own mind already!" He overlooks the important natural fact that it is just the ignorant who know their own minds best. There is a story of a little religious sect, who, being exhorted by the ecclesiastical authorities to "hear the other side" before finally relapsing into their own tenets, replied, very reasonably, that "the other side of truth was error," and that, consequently, they must refuse to listen to anything whatever from the other side.



It is very much in this loyal spirit that the average man attends a political meeting. He does not go, as the superior person vainly thinks, to have his mind made up for him, or to be convinced of anything he does not already believe in. He goes to hear his own convictions intelligibly voiced, and his own life-long prejudices put into someone else's words. In short, he goes to find out which of the candidates is of his mind; and the candidate who can most successfully simulate that mental likeness is, in nine cases out of ten, the man who gets his vote.

Dogged stability and aversion to change have long been known as the characteristic of the people at large. The purest Old English survives in "the bad grammar" of the peasantry, and five centuries have gone over the English labourer's head without inducing him to alter his dinner-hour. But in the typical voter's mind there will usually be found a deep prejudice in favour of progress. You may wonder how it got there, and what it means; but you cannot afford to disregard it. A prodigious disdain for Yesterday, a gloomy tolerance for To-day, and an overwhelming desire to be committed without compromise to To-morrow, are sentiments the candidate will either have to share or most carefully conceal his want of sympathy with. A backward step—even when that backward step might possibly be profitable—is always held to be fatal to a leader's reputation. When the enemies of Socialism wish to put its disciples out of love with it, they point out that its programme carries us back to the Middle Ages; and the most telling taunt aimed at the Tariff Reformers is their ambition to return to the conditions of the Black Forties. So that progress really puts a curb on progress, except along particular lines—lines of advance, pure and simple! It is probable enough that but for a vague sense that a Parliament composed of two houses must necessarily be an advance on a Parliament with only one, and that the Lords (or the Barons, or whatever they called themselves in those days) had "something to do with Magna Charta," more people would swell the cry of "Down with the House of Lords!" It is not the novelty of the thing that startles anybody; it is the uncomfortable suspicion that it might mean retracing our steps.

Having once convinced your audience that you have cast in your lot with progress, in some shape or other, and, if it came to a Hobson's choice, would sooner advance in a wrong direction than retreat an inch, it only remains to prove that *your* progress and *their* prosperity are one and the same thing. This is best done by showing how much you know about both; and by mentioning one without the other as rarely as possible in your public speaking. "Wherever I am master, you shall be mistress!" ran the old very excellent marriage vow. The politician, in effect, has to tell his public exactly the same thing: "Whatever stake I get in the future, you shall share!" is the idea every speaker worth his salt will contrive to give his audience to carry home with them.

A modern lady-novelist has made one of her politician-heroes say sadly: "We (the Liberals) have got the *ideas*, but the Tories have got the *men*!" He may possibly have been right; but it is difficult to see why he was depressed about it. Men (politicians, at any rate) are valued nowadays simply in proportion as they possess ideas; and by ideas we mean, of course, ideas about the Future, definite plans for the ideal State, and practical schemes for colonising the Happy Islands. It is to our faith in the future that the coming election is going to testify; and the man who can see furthest into the conditions of To-morrow, and has the happiest knack of telling others what he sees, is the man who may count on being allowed to represent the people. Indeed, in the truest sense of the word, he is already the representative of the people, even though he may be so unfortunate as to have ancestors, or broad acres. The people only endure To-day by hugging an ideal To-morrow.

But the political ideal is not one, but many. With some it is the splendid vision of a Greater Britain, shoulder to shoulder against a world which has ceased to be necessary

to its domestic economy; one great hive of so many millions on millions of folk; keeping house, under all skies and in all quarters of the globe, on the same lavish yet thrifty scale, and never leaving their own business except to defend their own.

Others dream of a patriarchal and less complicated state of things, where trade is to be free, indeed, but not freer than our instinct to dispose of superfluous trades, with their hideous paraphernalia and death-dealing, life-maiming conditions; and a parental despot, somewhat on the pattern of the old homely yet supernatural sort of king, is to rule over a perfectly free and perfectly equal people. Others, trained in a harder school, or by nature less inclined to dream pleasantly, say plainly that their sole hope is in the children. We must legislate and plan and think for the newly born; for reform, though it came to-morrow, would come too late for this generation, sunk in prejudice, confirmed in servitude, and enfeebled in physique. These thinkers indulge in strange half-exulting calculations of the number of adult persons who die off every year.

Lastly, there is the great company of determined compromisers; people who maintain that the Commonwealth is not, and never has been, seriously ill, and that with careful watching and judicious remedies and studious keeping up of the patient's general strength, we shall have it on its feet again without resorting to brutal and probably fatal operations. Among these conflicting ideals the clear-sighted dogmatist will have, as usual, little or no difficulty in selecting one, and pointing out the absurdity and essential impossibilities of all the others. But the mind of the feeblar philosopher swings between them like a suspended mirror, and catches faint reflections from all, and yearns after the imperishable germ of truth peculiar to each one, and common to none of them. Long after the flood of talk has ebbed back towards Westminster, and this island, as a whole, has resumed its normal total indifference to things political, he will be found nursing his own private hope that the ideal State will be somehow, in the long run, a freehold for everybody's ideals, and that only everybody's personal grudge against everybody else (together with party-names and party-questions and party-feuds, and all other survivals of savagery, fondly supposed at present to be "the spirit" of politics!) will have been taxed out of existence.

## THE BLACK FOG

THE black fog has come. Over all the city it lies intact and deep. An absolute midnight reigns. Almost material, almost tangible, almost massive seems this envelope of sulphureous gloom. It invests the city like a flood; within the streets, within the houses, and within the lungs of all denizens it lies entrenched and pitiless. The chimneys pour forth their smoke, but the leaden air oppresses and repels it, and it sinks to the ground, making the darkness denser. The gloom seems to have risen from the shores of those streams of wailing and lamentation, baleful Acheron and Cocytus environing Tartarus where the thin shades cluster and move, like those who are now pent in this city on the Thames.

The darkness is not black, but of a deep brown. It is as though one walked at the bottom of a muddy sea. The farther wall of this chamber is almost invisible—at ten o'clock in the morning. Above this dreadful pall that hides his rays, the life-giving sun, bursting with useless fire, now beats upon the surface of the sea of shadow, but his baffled light is repelled or smothered in the misty depths. Difficult is it for him who walks in an unlifted night to believe that the sun still shines.

Let us go forth into the streets so still and sorrowful. With our hands we grope our way past garden-railings, feeling with adventurous foot for the steps or curbs. A glowing patch appears above us; it seems incredibly far



away. We put forth our hand and touch the dank iron of a lamp-post. Not even fire and light avail against the almighty fog. Footsteps resound about us, but they are the footsteps of ghosts, for one beholds no body. Now and then some human being brushes by—a woman, announced, perhaps, by rustling skirts or by some perfume cast from her clothes; perhaps a man, declared by the thud of a cane on the flag-stones or the dull glow of a cigar.

Upon the main thoroughfares, a weird and muffled pandemonium prevails. From out the heart of the yellow-reddish murk resounds the beat of horses' hoofs, now and then a spark flies close from their iron shoes. Hoarse warning cries are heard from everywhere, and sometimes where the fog for a moment is thinned, exaggerated shapes and monstrous figures loom up and creep along, great trucks, wains, and omnibuses, with lanterns lit and the drivers leading the horses. Then again strange man-shaped spots appear, like demons come from infernal corridors; they swell out of the darkness surrounded by faint red halos.

These are pedestrians preceded by link-boys, bearing their flaming torches to guide their patrons on their way. The lofty and powerful electric arc-lights, so keenly radiant when the air is clear, now sputter dimly, invisible save at a few yards. From directly below the iron standards, the fierce white arc is dimmed to the luminosity of a red-hot amber. Before some of the railway stations wave great gasoline flambeaux, and fires in iron cressets struggle with the fog—like beacons before the sea-castle of some mediæval robber-lord. The detonators, placed upon the railway tracks in place of light signals, incessantly rend the air. The curbs are cumbered with useless hackney and hansom cabs, the horses unharnessed, the drivers disconsolate. The crawling omnibuses blundering along the indistinguishable streets, often meet or mount upon the sidewalks, amidst cries and wild confusion, and there they remain, like ships becalmed at night. Those huge Behemoths and cars of Juggernaut, the gigantic, double-decked motor-omnibuses with their two lurid yellow eyes and little sparks of red and green, stand trembling and snorting with impatience, immersed and obliterated in the fog. Universal night enthralles the world-metropolis; its currents of commerce stagnate in its veins, its mighty plans and purposes are frustrated or delayed, and this central heart of the trade of the whole earth is standing still in a dark paralysis.

Onward into the night, into the mists, into the unknown. We see not and are not seen. We pass and repass, all of us shrouded in the all-enveloping gloom, along the daily walks where life roared in the sunlight of yesterday; lovers may almost touch each other, each unknown to each; wives may pass their husbands, and mothers their sons; mortal enemies may walk side by side and feel no stir of rage; the outcast and pariah may jostle with the peer of golden millions; for all are blind, helplessly blind! Eerie is this fog-life; London lies beneath its spectral pall like a doomed state whose hope and whose daylight are wrecked by the thick shadows of war or insurrection.

Swiftly we move along beside a stone wall surmounted by an iron rail, which serves as a guide. We recoil as a vast apparition looms up before us, and our hands touch its cold, graven sides. It is the Marble Arch, rising like a pale transparent stain out of the dunkest blankness of the fog. One might imagine it the vision of a cyclopean tomb of some long-buried Cæsar rising up out of the vistas of fading Time.

A great policeman stands before us not a yard away, yet ghostly and insubstantial to the eye. To him there comes a little girl, terror-stricken and in tears, who, straying from her mother, has been swallowed up in the mists.

"I've lost my mother; where is my mother?" she cries.

"Where do you live, little girl?" asks the tall spectre of the constable.

"I live in Fulham, sir," she replies; "please, sir, which is the way to Fulham?"

The policeman points into the darkening wastes.

"You cannot find it now," he says. "Better wait here, then come to the station with me."

"Where are you, little girl," says a voice, and a bent figure with outstretched hands emerges through the walls of obscurity, "where are you? I'll show you the way to Fulham. Come with me."

It is an old man; his beard is white as snow; a placard glimmers faintly on his breast. He is blind. The little maid places her hand in his; they make two steps, and the next instant are effaced in the fog. Only the blind know the way through this city that is blind.

Does the sun still move on overhead, and the hours with him, or are time and the earth standing still? After a long time we at last wander along the Strand, which is smitten with an unusual silence. The close current of its traffic is stayed and disorganised; its thousands of pedestrians have shrunk to hundreds groping through the choking miasma and the channels of tenebrous smoke.

How, in the blindness that encompasses them, do these dark-fitting shapes of men and women hurry on! They are as shadows lost and dissolved in night. They are the searchers and the symbols of the never-ending quest for light, for happiness, for peace. Something of the same feeling comes upon me as came upon me when I walked through the empty streets of the dead Pompeii, and only my footfall echoed on its sun-swept stones. Here each is by and to himself complete, a little animated fire in the heart, a little light in the brain, in the veins a little warm red blood that keeps the breathing mechanism astir so long as the fire burns. Out of the darkness they came, in darkness they walk, into the darkness they shall go. The Black Fog, like Death himself, is a great leveller. All these beings are but phantoms to the eye, phantoms of human lives, dusky moths storm-driven to and fro on the gusts of existence, each on its own quest, which is that dream of the unattainable that will not come to pass.

Now we are close to Saint Paul's Churchyard. Here the mausoleum night is lifted for a space, and out of the blankness of an umber-tinted vast swells forth a vague and mystic bulk of grey, a shadow without shading or relief. It is the immense cupola of the cathedral rising like a mountain above the streets. The sun does battle with the flying mists about the dome and melts them to a dull and sullen gold, wherein the star of day hangs like a quivering globe of blood. It is a spectacle of soft yet sombre sublimity, such as only the towering imaginations of a Turner, a Doré, or a John Martin, expressed by brushes of opulent wealth and daring power, might conceive or execute. The drifting scud grows thinner and ever thinner in the upper air and unfolds to him who gazes upward from the deep streets the gilded symbol of Christianity glowing softly in the golden haze, invested with a mild irradiance from the feeble light of the sun. There it lifts and gleams above the shadows, like the sweet smile of the gentle Galilean whose sorrow and burthen it was and whose symbol it has remained. Below rolls the world, swart-black with its crime and misery; above, the titanic cross stretches wide its golden arms, as with an imploring appeal from the Son of Man to the Love of Man. Pillars and cornices and angles of carven stone emerge faintly from the turbid chaos, like dim suggestions in a dream or half-heard whispers out of midnight, all under the towering rood throbbing to the sky. It is high noon; a burst of bells suddenly breaks forth from the gossamer towers, a clanging chorus, loud, vibrant, and metallic. These violent voices are the chimes that utter every day with their iron tongues the beloved National Hymn, "God Save the King." Now the strong glooms darken about the dome once more; the lustre fades, and the great cross blurs dimly back into the crowding ocean of fog that overpowers it. Few of the thousands pressing along the paves have seen it, and, had their eyes beheld it for a space, this apparition of the sign of human love, it would but have called forth ideas of the olden agony or a slight, half-conscious response in those of religious blood. We repeat again

the eternal interrogations: What is Truth? and Where may Peace be found?

Is it here, perchance, where we now stand, upon the cold stone arches of London Bridge, above the ghostly rushing Thames, whose clashing waves lap and swish against the stolid stone? Whence comes or goes this river, plunging out of darkness into darkness, broad and vast with the mystery of existence, and the constant cry of ever-recurrent life? Down from the hills to the sea, we say, up from the sea to the cloud, then down to the hills again, and again onward to the sea. It is the known and visible obedience to some iron law. But seldom we venture to pierce beneath the surfaces of semblance, lest we alight upon truths unknown, horrors negative to Hope, and see the old guides through life, blind and decrepit now, fall dead at our feet; or lest, cowering in our creeds, we fear, like savages in the storm-swept woods, that the hand that lifts the veil be withered by some bolt from the furious heavens. Mantled in the palls of this everlasting ignorance, we stalk upon the highways of life like shadows drowned in shadow. Upon this ignorance the human heart builds its dreams as with inspiration, and draws hope from the very truth that this life seems so ill a recompense for all that tears and torments the baffled mind adrift on the desert seas of mere conjecture. Yet all nature about us is content, and the sojourn in the sunshine of all other living things is full of beauty and joy.

Darkly the waters gurgle through this murky night-in-day. Perhaps Peace is there, upon their bosom or within their depths, to be borne onward in some earless, rudderless boat, past the muffled thunder of the metropolis, past fields filled with the mystery of things that live and grow and die, past the river's mouth where its lips of land speak a great farewell, out into the wastes of the infinite sea. Lovingly its breast would open and merge one again into the elements of its mighty vase, to be reformed anew in the unceasing ferment of processes of creation.

Over the bridge the breathing spectres move, below, indistinct and long-drawn shapes fare by, silent and immense, past all the pride of the city, bearing what burthens? Steered by what ghostly helmsman? So must the barge of dolour cross the lamenting currents of the infernal river. The shadow of another boat, with sweeps groaning in their locks, glides by beneath. Within its ribs lie piled:

"What merchandise? Whence, whither, and for whom?  
Perchance it is a Fate-appointed hearse,  
Bearing away to some mysterious tomb  
Or Limbo of the scornful universe  
The joy, the peace, the life-hope, the abortions  
Of all things good which should have been our  
portions,  
But have been strangled by that City's curse."

## MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES

### LINNEAN SOCIETY OF LONDON.

General Meeting, December 16, 1909.

THE Rev. T. R. R. Stebbing, F.R.S., F.L.S., read two papers:—(1) "Report on the Crustacea Isopoda and Tanaidacea collected by Mr. Crossland in the Sudanese Red Sea," and (2) "Isopoda from the Indian Ocean and British East Africa," of which the author has furnished the following abstract:—

Among the Red Sea species the most interesting novelty is one named *Lanocira latifrons*, in allusion to the peculiar widening of the frontal process. In British East Africa, Wasin has yielded a new genus and species meriting the significant appellation *Kalliapseudes makrothrix*, which may be rendered in the vulgar tongue as the "long-haired beauty of the Apseudidae." The species is remarkable for the extensive fringes of feathered setæ on the mandibles,

maxillipeds, and first gnathopods, as well as for the short round-ended finger of its second gnathopods. In the Stanley Gardiner collection the new species *Apanthura xenocheir* is unique within its own family in the structure of the hand and finger of the first gnathopods. The new genus and species *Pontogelos aselgókeros*, of the family Eurydicidae, from Mauritius, displays a prolongation of the first antennæ hitherto unexampled in that family. Several new species and a new genus of *Epicaridea*, isopods parasitic on other crustaceans, are described from specimens transmitted by Miss M. J. Rathbun, who had extracted them with great care from the crabs of the Stanley Gardiner Expedition.

The Rev. T. R. R. Stebbing exhibited, in illustration of his paper on the Stanley Gardiner collection, a specimen of *Nerocila trichiura* (Miers) from the Great Chagos. The isopod is attached by its mouth and anterior claws, in a salient position, on the underside and at the base of the "wing" fin of a flying fish, *Exocetus evolans*.

Prof. Dendy, F.R.S., Sec.L.S., and Dr. W. T. Calman, contributed some remarks, and the author replied.

The third paper, by Prof. G. H. Carpenter, communicated by Prof. W. A. Herdman, F.R.S., F.L.S., "Pycnogonida from the Red Sea and Indian Ocean, collected by Mr. Cyril Crossland," was read in title, and the same course was taken with the next paper, by Mr. R. Shelford, F.L.S., "On a Collection of Blattidae preserved in Amber, from Prussia." The Vice-President in the Chair spoke of the value of the paper, and his regret that the health of the author did not permit of his exposition of the contents of his memoir personally.

The fifth and last paper, was by Mr. A. W. Waters, F.L.S., "The Bryozoa from Collections made by Mr. C. Crossland, Part II.—Cyclostomata, Ctenostomata, and Endoprocta," which was commented on by Prof. Dendy, who also read the following author's abstract.

The collections dealt with only contain 16 species and these are nearly all known from the Mediterranean, while 9 are British. In this and the previous paper 99 Red Sea species and varieties are referred to: of these 34 are known from the Atlantic, 26 from British Seas, 39 from the Mediterranean, 34 from Indian and neighbouring seas, 17 from Crossland's Zanzibar collection, 8 from Japan, 35 from Australia.

The classification of the Ctenostomata is examined, and it is considered that the group Stolonifera of Ehlers must be divided into Vesicularina and Stolonifera. In the first there is usually a moderately thick erect stem from which the zoecia arise directly, and they all have gizzards, an organ not general in the Ctenostomata and probably confined to this group. In the Stolonifera as now reduced there is a delicate creeping rhizome expanding at intervals, and from these places the zoecia arise, usually in pairs. There is no gizzard.

The gizzards of the Vesicularina usually have a large number of sharp and irregular teeth surrounded by a band of strong muscles, but in *Cryptopolyzoon* the gizzard has but two teeth with nearly flat edges, called grindstone teeth.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### "OVER-RATED CELEBRITIES!"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The world is a changeless beast, and will ever support a number of lions who are either "over-rated" or "over-slashed." Talk to it of Bernard Shaw, and most people will simper and nod, and murmur, "Brilliantly clever, don't y' know!"; but mention Marie Corelli, and they will titter and crinkle up their noses and say, "Merely fit for the servants' hall!"

I suppose I shall be unanimously hooted by your large circle of readers when I aver that Marie Corelli is a writer who is "over-slashed." I am by no means an admirer of hers, and think her work very ineffectual and superficial; but the higher public should certainly not sneer at her as much as they do,



because she has a certain imaginative quality and has done some good in supplying the novelette-reading classes with a more idealistic kind of literature cast in a form they are able to comprehend. Her most mischievous book perhaps is "The Sorrows of Satan," which encourages the conception of beautiful devilry, and strives to make handsome wickedness lovely: but still the above-mentioned, to me, is not half so degrading as Ouida's "Massarenes," for instance, with its absolutely fictitious and exaggerated pictures of society, its fearfully virtuous Vere De Vere heroes of the imposing names, and its black, sordid, pedantic villains, its whole Ouida style, in fact. This is all far worse than Marie Corelli, who once or twice had really good ideas, though she never possessed the genius to work them out accordingly. "Barabbas" might have become a tremendous book if she had been, say, Gregory Nazianzen, instead of a contemporary of E. F. Benson, who wrote "The Angel of Pain." "Princess Ziska," again, is a weird little sketch, and there is some merit in "Ardath"; the death of the priestess strangled in the coils of the serpent, and the manner in which she illustrates the mysterious portent of that oldest of old symbols, the Cross, two thousand years before the birth of Christ, are quite fascinating in their way; and so I hold that, though there should be no applause for this Sweet Gosling of Avon, there should at least be less hissing.

Why does not the hooting public depreciate Walt Whitman instead, who can only be read properly with a nasal twang? But no, the austere B. P., and Americans, too, swallow his bad construction, and call Whitman great. Personally, I loathe him, because he never wrote three flawless lines together. Take the first few of "With Antecedents," for example:

"With antecedents,

With my fathers and mothers and the accumulations of past  
ages,

With all which, had it not been, I would not now be here, as  
I am."

Could anything be more involved or fearful than the last line? Milton, when he disdained rhyme as an unnecessary enhancement of true poetry, could afford to do so, because he was able to write an epic; but Whitman could not even compose an epic, and so should have kept silent, and not termed his prose poetry. What awful rubbish is his piece entitled "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking." A sort of deadly tragedy interwoven with ludicrous symbolisms. It appears that once at Paumanok, upon the sea-shore, there were:

"Two feather'd guests from Alabama, two together,

And their nest, and four light-green eggs spotted with brown,

And every day the he-bird to and fro near at hand,

And every day the she-bird crouch'd on her nest, silent with  
bright eyes,

And every day I, a curious boy, never too close, never dis-  
turbng them,

Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

"Shine! shine! shine!

Pour down your warmth, great sun!

While we bask, we two together.

"Two together!

Winds blow south, or winds blow north,

Day come white, or night come black,

Home, or rivers and mountains from home,

Singing all time, minding no time

While we two keep together.

"Till of a sudden,

May-be—kill'd, unknown to her mate,

One forenoon the she-bird crouch'd not on the nest,

Nor return'd that afternoon, nor the next,

Nor ever appear'd again.

"And thenceforward all the summer in the sound of the sea,

And at night in the full of the moon in calmer weather,

Over the hoarse surging of the sea,

Or flitting from brier to brier by day,

I saw, I heard at intervals, the remaining one, the he-bird,

The solitary guest from Alabama.

"Blow! blow! blow!

Blow up, sea-winds, along Paumanok's shore;

I wait and wait till you blow my mate to me.

"Yes, when the stars glisten'd

All night long on the prong of a moss-scallop'd stake,

Down almost amid the slapping waves,

Sat the lone singer wonderful causing tears."

And this Punch and Judy he-bird, she-bird business, this adulterated coon-song from Alabama, instead of being hummed to the tune of a cake-walk at the music-halls, is enshrined in

a large number of editions, and solemnly prefaced, as in my volume, by such a scholar as Ernest Rhys! I do not deny that Whitman expresses a keen patriotic delight of which it is good to hear in these *blat* days, and was wholesome for his country also, but Whitman a great poet! "May-be—kill'd," and "slapping waves"! Blow! blow! blow! Nonsense and fiddle-sticks! Whitman is to poetry what Rodin is to sculpture—he makes little finished heads and leaves huge blocks of un-hewn stone underneath, to shock and upset one's nerves. I cannot stand Rodin; he is too much like that fearful Continental impressionist school of painters, who limn naught but startling Idris water apparitions rising out of seas of Tatcho, creatures with green skins, and blue hair, and red toenails. To return to Rodin for a moment, compare his "La Pensée" with the older "La Pensée" by Gustave Michel, in the Musée du Luxembourg. In Rodin's you see a head perched on a meaningless socket of stone and looking about as well-proportioned thereupon as the tiny cap stuck on the hair of a florid-faced German student; whilst with Michel's statue you have all the delicacy and finished art of a fine craftsman—a beautifully moulded face and pensive figure, modelled perfectly even in its details, an object of care and hard artistic toil, for there is a softly perforated design on the throne whereon the thoughtful one reclines, flowers lie at her feet, her robe has slightly slipped from one shoulder and falls in tiny folds. The difference is indescribable.

Another person who is over-rated is George Bernard Shaw, but I will not waste time on discussing him here, because a man who declares himself to be the greatest one in the world, as I myself heard him do, can only be a very little one, and subsist on squabbles with the Censor and photographs in the *Daily Mirror*, portrayed breakfasting sweetly with Keir Hardie in rural Welsh retreat. It all means money for Northcliffe and gusto for Shaw, though 'tis rather an imposition upon this harassed universe, which could so well do without both of them. Suffice it to say that Shaw is an ordinarily clever and amusing comedian, who has managed to take the world's breath away by his unbounded arrogance and bluff, and that as soon as the world recovers its lost suspiration, it will discover Shaw to be a witty impostor, and no Shakespeare nor Æschylus.

Another over-rated celebrity is Theodore Watts-Dunton. I am surprised to find his book, "Aylwin," regarded as quite a classic. Of course, it contains some quaint knowledge of Welsh gipsy life, but that might have been extracted and put into a pamphlet, for the story itself is mere drivel, and as obsolete as the three-volume novel, and smelling-salts, and shawls. "Aylwin" is melodramatic, inconsequent, and stupid; there is a lot of confused babbling about Lavater's mysticism in it, and Winne's history is absolutely impossible. The only bit I like in the whole thing, outside the Welsh fragments, is the description of the artist's mother; but for the rest, "Aylwin" is "a fizzle," to be colloquial. Theodore Watts-Dunton has written a few good poems, and has become chiefly famous for his exquisite friendship with Swinburne; still, that is certainly no reason for the general exaltation of "Aylwin" in the eyes of the modern age. Indeed, its disconnected and fussy style makes it rank with Guy Boothby's stuff and Bram Stoker's low sensation in seven thrills entitled "Dracula."

And now I dare to beard another over-rated lion, namely, Maeterlinck. I do not wish to be misunderstood, since I regard him as an imaginative and pure author; but if he is the only Shakespeare Belgium will ever produce, I must say that I feel a little sorry for Belgium. To call him a Shakespeare is an exaggeration, for I do not care for a great deal of his work, which is remarkably unequal where merit is concerned. His essay on bees and his "Wisdom and Destiny," and several others, are charming things, but I have perused shorter playlets in that old art annual, "The Pageant," called "The Three Princesses" and "The Death of Tintagiles," which were really mediocre. "Monna Vanna" also disappointed me. It would never have had any special value if it had not been censored in some mistaken and over-virtuous moment of Mr. Redford's. There is no climax in it, no excitement; it is just a mere little episode of a heroic spouse clad in Maud Allan's winter toilet consisting of a cloak and a pair of sandals, and a lot of distracted weepings. The sole part which I enjoyed was the page concerning the charmingly æsthetic delight old Marco Colonna expresses at the discovery of the lovely torso of a goddess excavated "in a grove of olive" by the banks of the Arno. It was so naive and poetical, but otherwise "Monna Vanna" is merely an example of the incredible rise in the general esteem a play in itself truly insignificant can receive when a censor is kindly enough to prohibit its publicity. Though I much enjoyed Maeterlinck's latest creation, "The Blue Bird," I do not think it is a children's play, and certainly requires an adult brain to understand it. If I had been a child, some of the details, such as the skeleton incident, would have terrified me greatly. I thoroughly enjoyed the idea, which is comparable in construction to a juvenile version of the second part of

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"Faust" with all the worrying science left out; but who knows, how we would have criticised the piece if it had been less pretentiously staged? For in this production Mr. Tench seems anxious to rival Mr. Tree, and become Sir Herbert in the same manner as the latter did Sir Henry; but despite good staging and Blue Birds and beehives, Maeterlinck has certainly not earned the title of "The Belgian Shakespeare" yet, and I, for one i' the multitudinous *voes populi*, protest against its inadequate bestowal.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

## KIPLING AND SOUTH AFRICA.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Regina Miriam Bloch, in her letter appearing in your issue of November 13 last, gives expression to some interesting, sprightly, and characteristic observations regarding Browning and Kipling. In our remarks we shall confine ourselves exclusively to the comments made by your correspondent regarding Kipling, which are more of the nature of individual opinions and predilections—the enthusiastic outbursts of an ardent admirer—than critical considerations of the merits and demerits of Kipling's writings, both in prose and in verse. The only remark that is strictly critical is her description of Kipling's poetry as being "crude but pertinent." In our opinion, this is just and truthful criticism. We agree generally with the appreciative opinions expressed regarding the nature and spirit of Kipling's early work, which, to quote your correspondent, "pulsates with youth, with vitality, and boisterous spirit." But what is the theme that essentially inspires Kipling's genius? Undoubtedly it is India and Indian life and incidents, including, of course, the characteristic part played by "Tommy Atkins" in the life of the Anglo-Indian community, as well as towards the natives of India themselves. The great, ever-interesting, complex drama of Indian life—involving the mutual relationships of the several peoples inhabiting the vast country, with all their distinct and contrasting varieties of types of individuals and characters and degrees of civilisation, the Eastern commingling with the Western, and each acting and re-acting on the other—the complex drama of Indian life is the theme which captivated Kipling's early imagination, and upon which it was subsequently nurtured. His maturing powers were sustained and strengthened by the same source of inspiration. Born an Anglo-Indian, the son of a father steeped in Oriental learning, traditions, mysticism, and artistic culture, it is not surprising that that which was infused into the inner consciousness of Kipling should become manifest in his mental activities. Heredity and natal environment alike stamp his genius and provide his intellectual equipment. These were the sources of the intellectual fountain whence flowed so regularly such a copious stream of what are characteristically Anglo-Indian works—in theme, character, incidents, and atmosphere. They are too well known generally, and especially to admirers of Kipling, to require to be here specified individually. We are entirely in accord with your correspondent in our appreciation of Kipling's works that are inspired by and deal with India and Indian life in their several phases. But, as regards some of his other writings, which have other themes and other settings, our opinion differs materially from that of your correspondent. We do not admire them so much, and are not so enthusiastic about them. Personally, we prefer Kipling as a delineator of India, the land of his birth, the mystery and witchery of which have so enthralled his genius and captivated his imagination.

These remarks are intended by us also to apply to "Tommy Atkins," in his Eastern surroundings, as drawn by Kipling. The pluck, the endurance, the spirit, as well as the failings and idiosyncrasies of "Tommy" are depicted by a master who thoroughly understands his subject. "Tommy" is shown to be true as steel and "one of the best." We share Kipling's admiration and enthusiasm for "Tommy."

In the course of her remarks, your correspondent deliberately puts forward a claim on behalf of Kipling which we shall endeavour to combat. To admit the claim would be as unjust to Kipling as unfair to South Africa. The claim is that Kipling in a few verses (and probably she also means otherwise, though this is not stated), which she quotes, gives a vivid picture of South African scenery; and, by implication, she ranks Kipling as a wondrous writer and poet who can describe South Africa with the powers of an intellectual magician. (Your correspondent in her letter, and Kipling in his verses, use the more spacious word "Africa," but the sub-continent is what Kipling really had in view, and it should suffice us in this connection.) To quote your correspondent: "And here is a breath of the veld and the vast stretches of black Africa, from the lips of a soldier home fra' the Boer war." Then follows a verse from Kipling, reading:—

"Smells are surer than sounds or sights  
To make your heart-strings crack;  
They start those awful voices o' nights,  
That whisper, 'Old man, come back,'  
That must be why the big things pass,  
And the little things remain,  
Like the smell of the wattle by Lichtenburg,\*  
Riding in, in the rain."

And again, your correspondent writes:—"And what of the poem 'Boots'! The awful, realistic drama of the dead-tired soldier, who has marched in rank and file through the burning glare of Africa so long, that the whole world seems filled with moving, marching feet, and their rhythm, which Kipling catches so superbly." Then follows another verse from Kipling, reading:—

"We're foot-foot-slog-slog-sloggin' over Africa,  
Foot-foot-foot-foot-sloggin' over Africa!  
(Boots-boots-boots-boots, movin' up an' down again);  
There's no discharge in the war."

Further, your correspondent, in her final panegyric upon Kipling, says:—"Kipling—why the very name takes me away to the tremendous land, where the lambent stars shine so low upon the kopjes at night, that the lonely trekker seems to stand in direct communion with the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob." This is a fine outburst of enthusiastic (but unwarranted) admiration of Kipling! We are confident that, were your correspondent to make a conscious effort to eliminate from her mind all that she has read of Kipling's upon South Africa, she would find that it is not to Kipling, but to some other writer, that she is indebted for her poetical conception of a beautiful South African night, as expressed above. Your correspondent is reading into Kipling's text, unconsciously borrowing thoughts and imagery from other writers and crediting Kipling with them.

Now, with reference to your correspondent's claim, that Kipling is a writer who can graphically and picturesquely describe South Africa; and, by implication, must thus be classed as a great writer and authority on the sub-continent—the fact remains, and must be patent to all impartial critics, that South Africa has not inspired Kipling in any true sense of the word. Whatever he has written about the country, whether in prose or verse, had it been penned by another and an unknown man, would not, in our critical opinion, have attracted particular attention, would have had no vogue, and would not be ranked as possessing any particular merit. This may seem a sweeping generalisation, as well as a strong condemnation of Kipling's writings about South Africa. But we make the assertion in all honesty. We have lived in the sub-continent for upwards of twenty years, and during this lengthy period have travelled extensively through the country, and thus have acquired some knowledge of men and things South African. On examination, we fail to discover in all of Kipling's writings, that have come under our notice, any evidence that he understands the true spirit, aspirations, or traditions of the people, or has the power of incorporating into his writings the real atmosphere of South Africa. The verses he spasmodically dashed off regarding the recent disastrous and prolonged war between the two white races of South Africa are chiefly national and patriotic in theme and substance. If the truth must be told, the most of them are, in their style, little removed from doggerel, and are generally without much elevation of thought or lofty sentiment. Take the two specimens which your correspondent so triumphantly produces as evidences of Kipling's descriptive powers in depicting South African scenes and incidents. We grant that the first contains the name of a Transvaal town—Lichtenburg; while the second—the poem about "Boots"—contains, twice in the first verse, the word "Africa" (Kipling's spacious word for the sub-continent). Take out the word "Lichtenburg" and substitute any other appropriate name; make a few verbal alterations; and the poem becomes equally applicable to, say, Egypt, or the Sudan, or Ashanti, or to Chitral, or to any of Britain's recent frontier wars. The theme here is essentially *Tommy Atkins*, not South Africa in any special and exclusive sense. There is nothing particularly South African in the essence or spirit of the composition. The same remarks apply to "Boots." It might, just as naturally, have been written in connection with Lord Roberts' famous march from Kabul to Kandahar. The substitution of the word "Afghanistan" for "Africa" would at once accomplish the desired result. Both poems are of what may justly be styled the "interchangeable" type. We think that we have shown that it is equally possible so to deal with them, as they are of such an inherent nature. If such a thing is possible, then it follows that neither possesses the necessary qualities of local colouring, characteristics, and atmosphere as to constitute them essentially South African compositions.

\* The correct spelling of this name is Lichtenburg.

No! We emphatically repeat that *South Africa has not inspired Kipling*, and that he has not written anything of any importance regarding the country. It is eminently desirable that Kipling's ardent admirers should realise this limitation to his genius; as the South African literary productions of Kipling assuredly constitute but an unworthy standard by which to judge of his style, his methods, and his peculiar genius. It is also of importance that the true friends of South Africa should not regard Kipling as an inspired oracle through which the aspects and conditions of their country, the incidents of South African life, the spirit of the country, or the aspirations and genius of its people should be depicted and uttered. Kipling would assuredly prove a false prophet in this connection. South Africa has her true and faithful bards and seers. Unfortunately, they are few and far between. They are also sadly neglected.

Probably of all contemporary writers of consequence, Kipling offers the most interesting study of a psychological nature with regard to his style, his methods, and his genius. We have glanced at the genesis of his literary activities. We find that heredity and original environment alike stamped his genius and provided his intellectual equipment; and that his most characteristic writings have, as their subject, India and Indian life. A number of years ago Kipling visited the United States of America, and temporarily settled there. Yet! America and the Americans do not appear to have had any permanent effect upon his intellectual and literary evolution. Kipling has also, during the last ten years or so, frequently visited South Africa, and resided there for lengthy periods at a time. He was a personal friend and privileged guest at "Groote Schuur" of the late Cecil Rhodes, by whom, as well as by nearly all the other leading public men, he, it is reasonable to assume, was initiated into the inwardness of South African politics, finance, and social conditions. He was thus exceptionally circumstanced with regard to acquiring an intimate knowledge of the inner life, political movements, and social problems of the sub-continent. But his personal friendships and intercourse with South African men of light and leading have, so far, been practically barren of literary results. What is the reason annexed to this intellectual poverty in the land? In our opinion, the negative result of Kipling's prolonged sojourns in South Africa is to be explained by the consideration that Kipling's peculiar genius is inflexibly limited by his particular mental endowments, and the powerful influences we have already indicated that originally stamped, and have continued to direct, his intellectual and literary activities. In a word, Kipling's peculiar genius has its definite limitations, and its own particular sphere of action, through which it sweetly wanders, and involuntarily produces the characteristic compositions, originally given by him to the world, and which his admirers were induced to expect at regular intervals, and which they eagerly anticipated. Disappointment occasionally was their portion.

Nature has, with regard to Kipling, issued her inexorable decree; and Fate has rigidly bound his genius with a chain of circumstances from which, it would appear, there is no release. But Kipling has no reason to lament such a fate. It has its manifest compensations. His genius has ample and magnificent scope for future successful achievement in its own particular field of action.

Kipling is not the only pilgrim who has worshipped in vain at the shrine of the presiding Deity of South Africa. If he, for the reasons we have stated, was turned empty away, so also have many of South Africa's great ones—in a material sense—been denied admission to the sacred precincts of the spiritual temple. Cecil Rhodes had fleeting glimpses of South Africa's elusive Goddess. Towards the end of his career his ambitions became more materialistic in their objects, and his spiritual vision was thus blinded just at the time when the success of his life's work seemed imminent. Alas! he ultimately failed to discover South Africa's potent secret—or great hidden truth. This secret, always jealously guarded, is only to be spiritually discerned.

TWO SOUTH AFRICANS.

#### "BY DIVERS PATHS."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to your notice of "By Divers Paths," and I venture to ask the courtesy of a space in your columns to make a slight correction in the "copy" quoted, though the fault of omission lies with me, and not with your reviewer.

"Sweet poplar" is the North-country name for a tree which in early spring, when rain has fallen, or a heavy dew, emits

from the gummy sheathes of its unfolding buds a distinctive aromatic fragrance, rare and exquisite, and with a quality best expressed by the word "poignant" for those to whom such appeals are more haunting even than music. In reading the phrase snatched from its context by your clever reviewer, I see that, without the inverted commas—which shall be added in a later edition—the word "sweet" looks like a *feigned* epithet, such as may fitly be described by your reviewer's word "banal," and would indeed "remind one of a schoolgirl's letter." In any case, the extract is necessarily pointless without the rest of the sentence.

It is not my habit to respond to reviews, but in this case, through my misguided omission of inverted commas, a mere name had been turned into a sentimentalism; and I shall be grateful if you allow me to make the necessary amendment.

Thanking you in anticipation.

ANNIE MATHESON.

Maybury, Woking, January 12, 1910.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, & MEMOIRS

- Spinoza's Short Treatise on God, Man, and His Well-Being.* Translated and Edited, with an Introduction and Commentary, and a Life of Spinoza. By A. Wolf, M.A., D.Lit. Adam and Charles Black. 7s. 6d. net.
- The Story of Hereward: the Champion of England.* By Douglas C. Stedman, B.A. Harrap.

### EDUCATIONAL

- Shakespeare: As You Like It.* University Tutorial Press. 2s.
- Concurrent Practical and Theoretical Geometry.* Parts I.—III. By W. J. Potter, M.A. Ralph, Holland & Co. 4s. 6d. net.
- Concurrent Practical and Theoretical Geometry.* Part III. By W. J. Potter, M.A. Ralph, Holland and Co. 2s. net.

### THEOLOGY

- The Liberty of Prophecy.* By Canon H. Hensley Henson. Macmillan. 6s.
- Judaism as Creed and Life.* By the Rev. Morris Joseph. Routledge. 3s. 6d.

### MISCELLANEOUS

- A History of English Poetry.* Vol. VI. By W. J. Courthope. C.B., M.A., D.Litt., LL.D. Macmillan. 10s. net.
- Dionysius of Halicarnassus on Literary Composition.* Being the Greek Text of the *De Compositione Verborum*. Edited with Introduction, Translation, Notes, Glossary, and Appendices. By W. Rhys Roberts. Macmillan. 10s. net.
- Masterpieces of Sculpture.* Selected by Dr. Georg Gronau. In 2 Vols. Gowans and Gray. 6d. net each.
- Wild Birds at Home.* Fourth Series. Sixty Photographs from Life by Peter Webster. Gowans and Gray. 6d. net.
- The Masterpieces of Carpaccio and Giorgione.* Gowans and Gray. 6d. net.
- Les Chefs-D'Œuvre Lyriques de Marceline Desbordes-Valmore.* Choix et Notice de Auguste Dorechain. Gowans and Gray. 6d. net.
- Adventures in Socialism.* New Lanark Establishment and Orbiston Community. By Alex. Cullen. Adam and Charles Black. 7s. 6d. net.
- Studies in the Teaching of History.* By M. W. Keatings, M.A. Adam and Charles Black. 4s. 6d. net.
- Ireland's Great Future.* By Clara Smith. Sealy, Bryers and Walker. 5s.
- Things worth Thinking About.* A Series of Lectures upon Literature and Culture. By T. G. Tucker, M.A. The Walter Scott Publishing Co. 3s. 6d.
- Bertram Dobell. Bookseller and Man of Letters.* By S. Bradbury. Dobell. 6d. net.
- Mors Janua Vitae.* A Discussion of Certain Communications Purporting to come from Frederic W. H. Myers. By H. A. Dallas. William Rider. 2s. 6d. net.

### FICTION

- A Man of the Moors.* By Halliwell Sutcliffe. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

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